

Torrance Herald

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KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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The Assembly Race

For one of the few times in the city's history, voters have an excellent opportunity to send their own representative to Sacramento.

City Councilman Nickolas O. Draie, a 30-year resident of Torrance and a veteran of 14 years on the City Council, has launched a vigorous campaign to gain the Democratic nomination to the Assembly from the revamped 67th District.

Councilman Draie has received considerable encouragement from many sources in his pledge to fight the stranglehold poker forces now have on the district.

He has pledged to fight commercial poker, and to represent the district on a full-time basis.

In the revamping of the 67th District, a large segment of Torrance north of Torrance Boulevard now lies in the district. The new area is bounded roughly by Aviation and El Segundo on the west and north, Torrance Boulevard on the south, and Central Avenue on the east. Cities within the district include Lawndale, Hawthorne, Gardena, and parts of Los Angeles, Torrance, and Compton.

Draie is counting heavily on support from the North Torrance area to provide the basis for his drive to gain the nomination June 5. With the heavy Democratic majority in the district, nomination would nearly assure election in November.

Mr. Draie's campaign deserves the support of Torrance Democrats in the 67th District—and his strong pledge against commercial poker, which has been under attack by decent citizens for many years, will give those decent citizens a chance to have a voice in Sacramento.

Opinions of Others

A man owes it to himself to become successful; after that, he owes it to the Bureau of Internal Revenue.—Grandville (Mich.) Star.

It's hard to realize these days that this country was founded partly to avoid taxation.—Medina (Ohio) Leader-Post.

Welfare-statism is making serious infringements on American liberties and privileges that have, from the birth of our nation, been regarded as basic. These infringements have evolved from controls that have been accepted as the "price" of federal assistance.—Sheldon (Iowa) Mail.

Millions of U.S. mothers and fathers, if pressed, would insist that their children's betterment is the entire focus of their life effort. If that be their true objective, then let them stop giving their youngsters a free chariot ride to the good things "they themselves never had." Let them teach their children how to pave their own way to these riches.—Antigo (Wisc.) Journal.

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

40 Years Ago

Go and gaze upon the local baseball diamond almost any day after the Union Tool whistle blows and you will see a wild orgy of baseballitis. 'Tis a healthy sign and presages great doings on our athletic field every Saturday all summer.

Thursday was a momentous day in Torrance history when it was announced that a hearing has been granted by the Board of Supervisors on the paving of Carson Street to Long Beach Boulevard. The hearing was brought about by the persistent efforts of the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. and Mrs. Steinhilber entertained the Tennis Club on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Proctor. The guests passed the evening pleasantly with cards.

30 Years Ago

The county will be ready within three weeks to ask for bids on the new \$50,000 health center in Torrance and

actual construction will begin a short time thereafter, Supervisor John Quinn told Chamber officials this week. The proposed health center to be located on Carson Street will bring about 20 permanent residents to the community.

H. W. Wilson, Detroit glider pilot who came here to take part in the sixth pre-international glider meet at Hollywood Riviera Sunday, crashed into the face of a cliff and was slightly injured. He was treated at Hermosa-Redondo hospital for scalp lacerations and shock.

A political mass meeting, arranged by the committee in charge of the Roosevelt-for-President campaign in this district, will be held tonight

at the Torrance High School auditorium.

20 Years Ago

Within a few months, when new and expanding Torrance industrial plants swing into wartime production, there will be a need for at least 5,100 more dwelling units. This was disclosed by the five-man commission appointed by Mayor Tom F. McGuire to study the emergency situation.

A community wastepaper dump has been established by the Kiwanis Club at the Firestone Service Station at the corner of Marcellina and Cravens. All citizens are urged to bring their wastepaper to this location as there will not be any other pickup service provided.

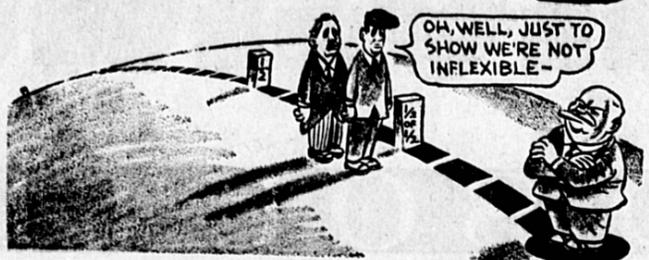
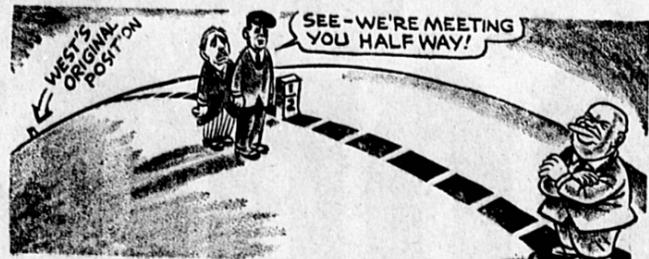
LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"I don't want Kent worrying about the future... with my birthday coming up, I want him worrying about a present!"

Each Negotiation Brings Us Closer Together



James Dorais

Withholding Taxes on Dividends Brings Howl

It is doubtful that present Federal income taxes would be anywhere near as high as they are if the late Beardley Ruml hadn't devised, back in the 1940s, that inspired getting-blood-out-of-a-turnip plan known as the withholding tax.

Instead of having to pungle up their year's taxes each spring in one lump sum, taxpayers henceforth had their tax extracted in installments, out of each paycheck. This relatively painless procedure eased the blow at return-filing time, substantially lowering the decimal count of taxpayer protests.

The withholding tax made

it possible for tax rates to be sharply hiked with impunity. Inflation was fed as wage earners began to think of income in terms of take-home pay and demanded higher wage increases to offset the taxes withheld. And as prices rose to offset wage increases, everyone was more or less back where they started from except that the Federal bureaucracy had grown by leaps and bounds.

This year Congress is toying with a proposal, already passed by the House, to extend the withholding gimmick to dividends. The new proposal, however, if adopted, won't prove to be a soothing syrup, like the withholding tax on wages. It will have a jolt more like castor oil.

There are 16,560,000 Americans today who are over 65 years of age. Most of them are retired, living on modest incomes from pensions, social security payments, stock dividends, and interest on savings accounts.

Their income tax obligation is generally quite small. Yet under the new withholding tax proposal, retired people living on meager incomes

will have to advance Uncle Sam large sums of money and then scramble to get it back.

Take the case of a retired couple, age 65, who live on dividends of \$4,800 a year. In their age bracket, the tax they would owe at the end of the year would be \$52.80. But the government will withhold 20 per cent of the dividends, or \$960. This is \$907.20 more than the amount they actually owe. To get it back, they will have to fill out complicated returns four times a year and wait for their refunds.

Naturally, there are endless other complications in the new proposal.

Companies paying dividends and banks paying interest, though required to withhold 20 per cent, won't be required to give a receipt or render a notice that the taxpayer will have to figure that out for himself.

For a government that professes concern for the problems of older people, the withholding tax proposal is a strange way to show it.

ROYCE BRIER

Friends of West Seek Southeast Asia Unity

Over in southeast Asia, and off the mainland, there are at least 60 million people who are on our side. They have their Communist headaches, and they have troubles peculiar to their region and others of worldwide prevalence, but they are fairly stable.

They are the peoples of the Philippines, Thailand (Siam), and Malaya. They have been slowly forming an Association of Southeast Asia, which will be known as ASA.

They ultimately seek something resembling the European Common Market, and for the time being officials have been meeting in Malaya to achieve a cultural, informational and educational exchange.

As the three peoples actually have differing cultures, though based on a common tropical life, the first step is important.

The significance of what may become a loose federation is that the three nations are sandwiched between two political entities not friendly to our side.

As we know, our position

in old Indochina (Viet Nam) is precarious. Only a massive counter-pressure on Communist pressure will save the area, which adjoins Thailand, and we are hardly prepared for it.

To the south, across the strait from Singapore, itself subject to Red pressures, lies Indonesia. This island republic is tottering along under a semi-dictatorship, which has little sympathy with the West, and which threatens war on the Dutch.

Hence any integration friendly to us in this part of the world must interest us.

The association is setting up commissions to study and extend cultural exchange, and if successful, to develop a reciprocal economic program. This would consist of something approaching a customs union, in which the major products of the three — tin-rubber in Malaya, copra in the Philippines and rice in Thailand — would be protected and mutually encouraged.

There would be technical and scientific co-operation,

A Bookman's Notebook

Natives Become Restless With Stirring of Spring

William Hogan

"Responsible critics do not use books as springboards from which to attack the private lives of authors," writes an irate reader who is a member of a local college English department. This refers to my comments here about Norman Mailer's silly book of poetry, "Death of the Ladies and Other Disasters," in which Mailer himself seemed to be commenting on that wife-stabbing incident he was mixed up in some time ago.

My correspondent continues: "Mr. Mailer's problems have got nothing whatever to do with the judgment of his book. Your remarks are, therefore, critically irresponsible and irrelevant."

Mailer, I think, has become such a public character, calamity howler and publicity-seeker that his private (if any) life and showmanship, which sometimes includes his work, blend into a single performance. He has become the Frank Sinatra of the writers — by his choice.

Another college English professor, Mark Harris, chides me because, in speaking of Robert Frost's "In the Clearing," I suggested that Frost's poetry is "understood." By you? Harris asks. "I'll bet you \$1,000 I can show you a great many Frost poems I know real well you can't..."

A lady thinks I was unjust in discussing Aldous Huxley's utopian novel "Island" because I noted that the author, now 67, "babblies," thus suggesting that his productive years are over. Not so. Huxley will go on forever, but in this book (unlike "Brave New World") he "babblies," it seems to me.

It must be the spring weather; the mail is full of abuse. My crotchety correspondents probably agree with Erskine Caldwell. The University of Missouri sends on some remarks the famous novelist made during the Missouri School of Journalism affair not long ago. "Wordsmanship: The Theory, Practice and Rewards of —," it is titled. It is a testy summary in which Caldwell takes off on journalists as a tribe — the thinkpiece pundit; the roving correspondent; the name-dropping columnist; the art and culture expert and (among others) the book reviewer.

"He was once a newspaperman himself," writes the author of "Tobacco Road" and so many other books that we've all lost count. "But the editor was a kind-hearted man and, instead of handing

him terminal salary and putting him on the street, another place was found for him on the payroll. Now he has a daily column or Sunday page, and long ago elevated himself from the job of book reviewer to the position of literary critic. Once he tried his hand at writing a novel because it looked so easy for a man with his knowledge, but soon found out that it was more in keeping with his particular talent to criticize

somebody else's book than it was to write one himself."

Then there is Ralph Ginzburg, the editor of Eros, that overblown quarterly magazine of erotic love I discussed somewhat negatively here. He was "deeply grateful," he wrote with what I hope was a straight face, and added: "If we can be of further assistance to you here in New York, I hope you won't hesitate to call on us."

Ah, spring.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"We would like to give a bon voyage party for a friend leaving by ship? How do you go about it? Is it true that the liquor is duty-free and therefore very inexpensive? Can we do it in the bar?"

Last things first: Shipboard liquor is cheap and duty-free once you get to sea. In port, it's padlocked. Sometimes, some ships, the bar is open. Better plan on a room party. More fun anyway.

Call the shipping line company. They arrange these things all the time.

Usually they don't accept orders for hard liquor — you could bring your own. But you can order champagne at about \$5.50 a bottle; sparkling burgundy for \$3; Bristol Cream sherry at \$4.20; Pommard (red wine) at \$3; Rhine wines (white) at \$3.

For \$10 you can almost float your friend over.

The company will give you a price list on hors d'oeuvre. Not expensive. You can also get a waiter-bar-tender for tips alone: \$1 per person is about right. But you can cut that as the list gets higher — like \$10 would be OK for 15 to 20 people.

"We have 10 days in New York, but haven't any idea of the town..."

The New York Visitor's Bureau, 90 East 42nd St., will send you a guide, map, calendar of events, hotels with addresses and prices, restaurants with same, shopping guide, educational tours and TV show tickets. All free.

"You mentioned in a recent column that the strip tease shows in London were a special feature. Where please?"

All over the Soho district. Rich South Americans who are high on the gay life, think Soho strip clubs make Paris look like a beach scene in the Nineties.

These are "clubs" — you pay a membership fee of about \$2 and a cover charge of \$1 and stay all afternoon. They are mainly afternoon drink-and-look things for the tired British businessman.

Drinks are standard price. Decor in some is quite elegant. The artistry? I refer you again to the tin millionaires of America South who blister their hands clapping.

Wheeler's Review Club is the best known. And you can go on from there. Any cabbie can tell you.

"... any advantage to buying money before you go to Europe?"

None. Used to be a lively exchange. But the money is stabilized all over. And you can change at airport banks when you arrive for convenience.

One good rule: Change at banks rather than hotel desks — they take a bigger cut. It may seem small. But when you add it up over a \$1,000 total expense, you find you've given away \$10 to \$20. Why do it when the bank's across the street?

Every time you exchange, the bank grabs about 1 per cent. So don't go back and forth on money oftener than you have to.

Carry a few \$1 bills — (I carry \$2 bills to cut the bulk) — to change at the last minute shopping at airports. Saves you cashing \$20 American traveler's checks into the money of the country and then back into money of the next country.

Any coins you have left over are souvenirs. You can exchange leftover bills in the next country, or back in the States. But not the coins.

Morning Report:

A British group is coming to New York City this summer to do "peace corps" work with our tenement teenagers. This is in keeping with the times, as London's slums are right down there with the worst in the world.

So the Russians, with a faltering agriculture and factories capable of turning out some of the shoddiest goods, sends experts abroad. The Chinese are helping the Cubans meet their needs. And we have volunteers everywhere overseas, even though we have at least a few unsolved problems at home.

Everybody seems convinced that the other fellow's fields are more barren than their own.

Abe Mellinkoff

Quote

"We all complain about the time it takes to find a place to park. It took Noah five months." — Mrs. W. E. Barnes, Sleepy Eye (Minn.) Herald-Dispatch.

"Anyone who thinks the younger generation is not creative should watch a teenager build a sandwich." — A. W. Eiselin, Roundup (Mont.) Record-Tribune.

"After you've heard two eyewitness accounts of an auto accident, you begin to wonder about history." — H. R. Smith, Brookville (Ohio) Star.